

Venus Trap by flippyspoon

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It didn't make any sense to Billy that he and Steve had fucked three times before he even noticed the dimples. Though, he supposed, during the deed itself he was caught up in the giddy pleasure, in being surrounded by Steve. King Steve fucking Harrington, who plagued his thoughts, as much as Billy tried to play things cool and cocky.

It wasn't even in bed that Billy noticed the dimples, it was at basketball practice. That was dangerous. The sight of this small simple anatomical distinction threw Billy into a tailspin. So to speak.

Steve was playing okay but Billy was still kicking ass one warm day. Then Steve took off shirt, casually balling it up and tossing it out of bounds.

Oh, fuck me, Billy thought.

Steve generally liked to wear his shirt while he played. The couple of times he'd played shirtless, Billy had...not performed well. He *could* just get Steve alone for a second and ask him to put his shirt on, seeing as how they were on friendlier terms, to say the least. But that would be admitting how much Steve affected him whether he meant to or not, and Billy had been putting serious work into acting as if it was he who had an iron-like hold on Steve and not the other way around. Sometimes Billy suspected Steve was uncomfortably close to realizing the reverse was true.

Billy watched Steve jog down the court and tried to ignore the curve of his shoulders, the line of his back, how his chest narrowed to his waist, the subtle lines of muscles gently shifting as he moved.

"HARGROVE!"

"Huh?"

Tommy was snapping in Billy's face. "Yo! Earth to Hargrove!"

"Get your fucking hand out of my face," Billy snapped, shoving his

hand away. He glanced at Steve who stood with his hands on his hips, smirking.

He KNOWS, Billy thought.

The truth of it settled like a weight in Billy's chest. If Steve knew just how much Billy was into him beyond casual sex, he might figure out the whole feelings part and if Steve figured out feelings part, well, Billy wasn't sure but he assumed he'd be fucked.

"You alright?" Steve said and ever so casually patted Billy's shoulder and then his hand came down to touch Billy's hip ever so briefly. Billy bit down hard on his tongue.

"Hey, go fuck yourself, Harrington," Billy said.

"Mmm." Steve tilted his head and said, "I really don't think I'll need to."

Steve turned around and that was when Billy saw them; two indentions in Steve's lower back, just above the curve of his ass as his shorts rode just this much too low.

Billy felt dizzy.

"What..." Billy coughed, his eyes fixed on the dimples. "What the hell are those?"

Coach told them to take a break, not that Billy and Steve were focussed on the game to begin with. They stood around off to the side by themselves.

"What's what?" Steve frowned at Billy who came around to face him, crossing his arms.

"The fucking..." Billy waved a hand. "Two little...dents or something. In your back..." He motioned towards his own lower back.

"What?" Steve said. "Back dimples? Yeah so?"

"Back dimples," Billy repeated.

"Plenty of people have those, weirdo," Steve said, pushing his hair back. "I think they're called Venus dimples actually."

"Venus dimples," Billy said, feeling faint.

"Yeah like it's supposed to be a mark of beauty or some shit," Steve muttered. "Whatever. Blame the Greeks I guess." Steve stifled a smile and clapped Billy on the shoulder. "Seriously, you okay? Look like you're gonna pass out."

"I need a shower," Billy mumbled, stalking off to the locker rooms.

"Practice isn't over!" Steve shouted after him.

"I need a shower!"

"Venus dimples," Billy grumbled to himself as he stepped into a cascade of cool water in the darkest corner of the showers he could find. "Fucking Venus dimples." He soaped up his chest and his armpits and rinsed, trying to cleanse himself of his obsession with Steve Harrington on some level. A losing battle.

He had probably seen people with them before. But people weren't Steve.

He heard sneakers squeaking on tile and a minute later a naked Steve Harrington stepped into the shower next to him. Billy groaned.

"I told Coach you were sick," Steve said. "And that I was also getting sick." He looked so pleased with himself, an arm snaking around Billy's waist, rubbing his stomach, going just far north enough that Billy's dick jumped.

"Not sick," Billy muttered.

"Really?" Steve said slyly, kissing his neck. "Think you got a fever." He leaned back again and sang in a hushed voice. "Doctor, doctor, gimme the news, I gotta bad case of lovin' youuu!"

Robert Palmer for fuck's sake.

"Hey," Billy said, scowling. "Who said anything about love,

dickwad?”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” Steve said, backing Billy up against the cold tile. “We still pretending that’s not a thing?”

“I’m not in love with you!” Billy’s voice went up too high and Steve didn’t even look heart. The son of a bitch smiled.

“Well, I’m in love with you,” he said softly in Billy’s ear. He pressed up against Billy, hot and wet. Billy thought he must be crazy in love with Harrington since of all things he was thinking of those dimples in Steve’s back even though a gradually hardening dick was pressing into his hip.

Steve was kissing his ear and Billy felt weak and dizzy and said “I like your Venus dimples.”

Ugh. He sounded like some pathetic kid.

“Thanks.”

He could feel Steve smiling against his cheek. Every bit of his skin tingled as he said, “Maybe I even...love your Venus dimples.” He turned around in Steve’s arms and reached around to touch those precious little curves in Steve’s back and Steve gasped a little and bowed his head into the crook of Billy’s neck, the hot shower beating down on them.

“Do you?” Steve leaned back and looked hard at Billy and he must’ve read the truth in Billy’s eyes because he beamed like sunshine then and Billy felt a swell of such overwhelming love for Steve that he laughed at himself before he kissed him, wrapping his arms around that clever back.